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THE TOWER
March 11, 1959
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number 1

The Tower will continue its Wednesday edition each week. There will be a program of Thursday's musical events each week. Special thanks should go to Helen Burk for bring about these concerts. I hope you shall enjoy the programs and the papers. Thank you for your patience.

The Virgin holds her child
And with her other hand
Turns casually (it matters
Not which page she reads)
The pages of her book.

The carpet bears marks
Of the signs of time:
Inscrutable, convoluted, geometric.

And in the wings the angels play,
In tiny wooden rooms they tune
Their instruments: a harp, a viol.
Their wings fill the rooms.
Their music engulfs the three pictures.

Fred Martin

Genesis. 1:12
"And the earth brought forth
grass, and herb yielding seed
after his kind, and the tree
yielding fruit, whose seed was
in itself, after his kind: and
God saw it was good."
Genesis. 4:21
"And his brother's name Jubal:
He was the father of all such as
handle the harp and organ"

The Grass

This is the grass.
The green grass.
The yellow grass of autumn that the wind blows.
The tall plain's grass born thin, frail,—naked to my hands.
He came before Jubal on the second day singing.
I heard him in the winds . . .
I heard him in the winds!
I heard the grass and hurried on not to see him die.
This the grass.
The green grass.
It is the sad time.
The time that time protrudes:
The tender horse that kicked the child;
My good horse that bore seeds of grass to Babel
Lay slain,
His testicles torn in the child's hands.
This the grass.
The yellow grass of autumn that the wind blows.
I asked for love and was given only a bitch, a small dog.
Mulatto who had cleaned the feet of dark Ham:
The tender dog who would lick my wounds to heal had kissed a negro;
The good Mulatto who had bore seeds of grass to Resen
Lay slain,
Her body shattered by a shepard's staff.
This is the grass.
The tall plain's grass born thin, frail,—naked to my hands.
I asked for my blood and skin— brown
Children of my father, my sister's blood and skin; someone's crying, laughing
In a manger: my tender child of traverse who I kissed through her mother's lips;
The mulattic who bore my seeds of grass to God
Lay slain,
Aborted.
This is the grass.
The green grass.
The yellow grass of autumn that the wind blows.
The tall plain's grass born thin, frail—naked to my hands.
I heard him in the winds . . .
I heard him in the winds!
I heard the grass and hurried on not to see him die.
He came before Jubal on the second day singing.

Tom Houser

CONCERT PROGRAM

Thursday, March 12, 1959

12:00-1:30

Social Hall, C.S.F.A.

Pianist- Thomas Hutchings

Two Impromtus	Schubert
Sonata, D Major K. 576	Mozart
L'Isle Joyeuse	Debussy
English Suite, A Minor	Bach
Scherzo, C Sharp Minor	Chopin

Mr. Hutchings has given concert performances throughout Germany and here on the west coast. He is to appear this Sunday at the Opus One. His concert that night will begin at 8:30 p.m. The Opus One is Located at 738 Montgomery.